

THE WEEKLY PANOLA STAR.

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PANOLA, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1889.

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THE WEEKLY PANOLA STAR

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To Correspondents—Write plain, with ink, and on but one side of the sheet. Ten lines of ordinary manuscript, on letter paper, will make one square.

A Fragment.
BY ELIZA COOK.

The debt of gratitude
Is not the best remembrance where the lips
Pour forth their voluble and fluent tide
Of warm acknowledgments. Fair-spoken
phrases,

Graced with a courtier's bow, are pleasant things,
But rarely hold much more of grateful truth
Than the brightest simile that cunning reptiles
spread

To catch their prey—and they who offend turn
In fierce recoil upon the helping hand,
And offend those whose hollow hearts have
sworn

A changeless sense of benefits received.
The breast where Gratitude is firm and deep
Gives least expression to the one it serves;
As trees that bear the heaviest of fruit

Yield the least rustling to the cherishing breeze—
Prayer has its decalogue and well-set chant
To say or sing; but prayer can offer up
A purer tribute to the mighty One

Who rules the thunder and restrains the waves
Than ever clustered walls responded to.
The lonely orphan child who steals at night
Where the round moon shines on a mother's
grave,

Knows little how to mould his trusting faith
In proper sentences; but the dim eye
That sheds its blinding tear upon the turf,
And then looks up to the fair silver stars,
Carries a ray of holy fervency
That will not be rejected at the throne

Of Him who sues the wind to the shore lamb.
Tearing one, whose right arm has been strong
In working evil, may repent, "and save
His soul alive." He cannot frame his thoughts
In saintly code—but the pale saddened brow
That droops in silence, penitence and shame,
Shall plead for him at the eternal bar
Where boundless mercy fills the judgment seat.

Beautiful Stanzas.

There is no heart but has its inner anguish;
There is no eye but hath its tears been wet;
There is no voice but hath been heard to languish
O'er hours of darkness it can ne'er forget.

There is no cheek, however bright its roses,
But faded buds beneath its hues are hid;
No eye that in its dewy light reposes,
But broken starbeams tremble 'neath its lid.

There is no lip however with laughter ringing,
However light and gay its words may be,
But its hush betrays some secret yearning
Of stern affliction and deep mystery.

We are all brothers in this land of dreaming;
Yet hand meets hand and eye to eye replies;
Nor deem we that below a brow all beaming,
The flower of life in wasted beauty lies.

Oh, blessed light, that glides our nights in sorrow;
Oh, balm of Gilead for our healing found;
We know that peace will come with thee to-morrow,
And the affections spring not from the ground.

Across the River.

When for me the silent ear
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage here,
At life's inner portal?

What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.

He who on our earthly path
Bids us help each other,
Who His well-beloved hath
Made our Elder Brother,
Will but clasp the chain of love
Closer, when we meet above.

Therefore do not dread to go
O'er the silent river,
Death, thy hastening car I know;
Bear me, thou Life giver,
Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

LIFE.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagles are,
Or like the flash of Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
F'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to night,
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is passed—the man forgot.
[Bishop King]

About Women—Are They Better Than Men?

We copy as follows from a contribution to the Boston Advertiser:

"The great argument in favor of woman suffrage seems to be that women are so much better than the men, their votes would be ruled by a purer morality; no bad men would be chosen into office; and so of course, no bad laws could find any place on the statute book.

When Henry Ward Beecher was writing out the above doctrine the other day for publication, I wonder if it passed through his mind that in the number of times he had performed the marriage service there had been instances when he had done it with sadness and fear, knowing that he was binding a trusting innocent girl to a heartless, unprincipled man. If such a case has ever come within the circle of his experience, will Mr. Beecher explain what would have prevented that bride from voting that man into office had he asked for her ballot instead of her hand? Again, has not Mr. Beecher declared a couple man and wife when he knew that the woman sold herself for gold; and does he believe the woman who would sell her person would feel any delicacy in selling her vote?

The morality of woman is no doubt, different from that of men; but that it is better or higher, under circumstances of equal temptation, yet remains to be proved.

The eagerness with which woman have sought for office during the last few months seems to show a great similarity to men in personal, selfish ambition; and there is no evidence that the underlying motive in the one sex is purer than in the other.

The readiness with which bad men find women of good moral standing in society who are willing to marry them, would seem to imply that bad men might find plenty of women who would be willing to vote for them. The frequency with which we find woman swaying their own households with foolish and bad laws is certainly a reason for supposing that similar laws might govern the Nation if they were installed as legislators.

Men of good intentions err through mistaken judgement; women of good intentions err through mistaken feelings. One is just as liable to err as the other; but the errors of feeling are more dangerous than those of judgment, because they are so much less under the control of reason. It is an axiom of science that reason was given us to correct the mistakes of the senses, and it is equally true that it was given to correct the mistakes of the sensibilities.

When women deem the moral sense of men they should bear in mind that most men owe their morality to the influence and instructions of their mothers. While we may be fond of claiming honor to our sex for the influence good and wise mothers have exerted in the training of some of the great men of the world, let us not forget that bad men owe their traits to their mothers just as certainly. We have no right to boast of the mother of the Gracchi unless we are willing also to take shame to ourselves on account of the mother of Nero. We are just as responsible for the vices or follies of the mothers of thieves, murderers and traitors of the land, as for the virtue and wisdom of the mothers of the saints and the patriots.

The persons who are discussing the woman question at the present time talk as if woman were so faithful to the original law of right, that they could not be swayed from the true path by ideas of expediency which so often mislead men. But when we observe how easily a woman's affections are prevented through her vanity in her relations with the other sex, and how often her love for her children is mainly shown in the foolish delight with which she pampers their selfishness, indulges their passions and stimulates their pride, it is difficult to understand why she should be more wise in the management of public affairs than in those of her private station.

There is a theory that political life is to regenerate women by giving them

something more dignified to think of than the frivolities of dress and society that occupy them now. But if the sacred duties of wife and mother cannot raise women to thoughtful and soberity, why should we expect anything better from the stormy excitement of politics? If they are unwilling to exercise private virtues, why should we believe that they will be more faithful to public trusts? Women who are so eager for wider fields in which to exercise their faculties and powers, have not yet awakened to the responsibilities of private life.

It is said of old time that a man who does not provide for his own house is worse than an infidel, and the community generally would endorse the saying; but a woman has no more right to fail in this respect than a man. The household is the wife's place of business, and if she is unfaithful to the duties that lie before her there, she is as worthy of condemnation as the man who neglects the duties of his calling regardless of the ties that bind him to maintain his wife and children.

It is expected as a matter of course, that every man should have an occupation to which he should give his best energies. He may not love it ardently; he may feel that he should love some other employment better; but if he is a manly man he works diligently, and applies his best strength of mind and body that he may be successful in his calling whatever it may be. Now the wife of such a man has no right to think that she is not just as much under the law of conscience to do her part in relation to the family as her husband. Because she loves dress and society, or books, music, drawing, or "agitation," she has no right to leave the economy of the house to the carelessness of her servants, or the training of her children to the ignorance of her servants. It is as selfish in her to follow out her own tastes, without regard to the comfort and welfare of the family, as it would be for her husband to spend his days at the club house or the library, while his business is in the hands of clerks or shop boys. A man who devotes his life to the pursuit of his own selfish pleasure is not considered respectable; but many women seem to think they have a perfect right to give to books, to art or to society the best years of their lives, and to leave the comfort of their homes, the training of their children, in the hands of hired substitutes. Can such woman expect to hear the award of "Well done good and faithful servant?"

The virtues of the men of the country form the standard by which we may measure the virtues of the women of the country. Women who look with contempt upon the duties and employment of domestic life are women who can never elevate the morality of men. Home is the basis of the State. As the homes of a country are, so will the whole body of a country be; for a country is only a large number of homes united into one great community for the common good.

UTAH.—There seems to be a conflict of titles between the Federal Government and Brigham Young. The Government claims to be the proprietor of certain lands in Utah, having never disposed of them to any party, and Young claims to be sovereign of the same lands. Of course the government has the power to settle the matter, and we trust it will do this promptly, though in a just and proper way. The Federal authorities certainly have the means of knowing what lands are public lands and what ones are not, and they should no longer tolerate the absurd and insolent pretensions of the Mormon Chief. Let the public lands in Utah be thrown into market at an early day, and let the people of the United States be protected in purchasing and holding and cultivating them, as fully as in purchasing and holding and cultivating any of the rest of the public domain. As the Pacific railroad is now open, action upon this subject should no longer be deferred.

Mr. Wendell Phillips is glad that the Indians are tearing up the rails on the Pacific road.

The Next Cotton Crop.

We make the following abstract from a long article in the Montgomery (Ala.) Mail prepared by a person who seems familiar with the situation.

"The cotton crop of 1889 will be one-third less than that of 1888. This may be startling, but it is nevertheless true. Let us look at the reasons for entertaining this belief.

"1. The season has been most unfavorable. The wet spring has retarded the plowing and preparation of the land, and in some instances prevented it altogether until lately. The same cause has prevented the same number of acres being planted as in 1888. The heavy plowing caused by continuous rains has greatly fatigued and worried the stock. The imperfect plowing given much of the time has a tendency to dwarf the cotton plant and make the crop greasy.

"2. The labor is much less in numbers and effectiveness than last year. Experience teaches us that every year takes from the number and efficiency of the hands. The women have almost entirely left the fields. Many hands who saved money from last year's crop are this year spending it in the enjoyment of ease. Of the others who saved money, some have gone to farming to themselves. Now these negroes, while valuable as members of society in their sphere, do not produce as much cotton as when they are worked with the large planter.

"They produce more corn, more peas, more potatoes, and less cotton than formerly. It is true they make as much, and as good a support as those who plant more cotton, but they make less cotton. We may safely assume that for every hand who 'goes to himself,' that his production of cotton is lessened one-half. Take the number of those who are 'playing gentlemen,' and we have quite a deduction from the force of 1888.

"Again, the natural decrease made by death must be considered. The young men and youths, who suddenly became masters of themselves, died away in large numbers from imprudence and want soon after the surrender. For instance, those at the camp just across the river; and again, we all know how fatal the small-pox was to the negro in 1866. Disease and want have taken away the generation which should fill the places of the old and those who die. The increase does not keep pace with the decrease.

"3. The seed is very bad this year. Some singular fatality seems to have attended the efforts of all who tried to save seed. Few planters have enough seed; some have only half enough. The delay and trouble in getting seed have put back planting in some instances at least two weeks. The same cause, the rottenness of seed, will cause bad 'stands,' replanting and late crops. The worms will get a fair showing."

The Scourge of Utah—Grasshoppers on the Wing.

Countless myriads of grasshoppers have lately made their appearance on the north and eastern shore of Salt Lake, and are marching or hopping toward the City of the Desert. The ground around Promontory Point is literally black with the young and rapacious insects. They are now about one and three-fourths of an inch in length, black in color, and more resembling a cricket than a grasshopper. But as they increase in size their color changes to brown.

From the account given us, it appears that the city will again be visited by this scourge. We learn that the scourge which passed over Salt Lake two years since, continued its march, and the following season made an appearance in the lower end of the Great Basin, where the scenes of the previous year were enacted. This year the hordes have appeared in the extreme Southern Mormon settlements, where they are destroying everything before them. They are now some five hundred miles from Salt Lake, the localities over which they passed having had one years respite from their ravages. It seems that when these insects reach maturity they deposit their eggs in

the soil and die. The following season the eggs are hatched by the warmth of the spring, and a new army follows on its march.

About two weeks since these pests made their first appearance in that section, being then about an eighth of an inch in length, and having the appearance of sand crickets. They grow rapidly and are very voracious, destroying everything in their way.

For miles the track of the railroad is black with these destroying insects, the ties and rails being hidden from view by the thousands perched thereon. Salt Lake city has been clear of vegetation before by these pests, and in each case the countless hordes have made their first appearance to the north and west of the city, devastating their fields and gardens when on their way to the south and westward. Two years since such a scourge swept over the city, destroying every green thing, even to the growth of wood and vine of the previous season. Millions of the insects perished in the lake, for it seems nothing turns them when on their destroying march. In a day the beautiful gardens and orchards of the city were left as bare of verdure as though a fire had swept over them.

How Sut Lovengood Killed His Dog.

When I was a boy dad fetched home a durned, wuthless, mangy, fle-bitten, gray old fox houn, good for nuthin but to swallow up what order lined the bowels of his brats. Well, I naturally took a distaste to him, and had a sorter hankerin arter hurtin' his feelins and discomfortin of him every time dad's back was turned. This sorter kept a big skeer allers afore his eyes, and an awful yell ready to pour out the first motion he seed me make. So he larnt to swallow things as he run, and always kept his legs well under himself; for he never knew how soon he might want to use them to tote his infernal carcass beyond the reach of a flyin' rock. He knowed the whizz of a rock in motion well, and he never stopped to see who threw it, but just let his hind opin wide enuff to gin a howl room to cum, and set his legs agwine the way his nose happened to be a pintin. He'd shy round every rock he seed in the road, for he looked upon it as a calamity to cum arter him sum day. I tell you, Georgy, that running ain't the greatest invention on yearth, when keerfully used. Whar'd I a bin by this time, ef I hadn't relied on these ere legs? D'y'e sc'em?

Don't they mind you of a pair of compasses made to divide a mile into quarters? They'll do. Well, one day I tuck a pig's bladder ni unto the size ov a ducks' aig, and filled it with powder, and corked it up with a piece of spunk, rolled it up in a thin sculp of meat and sot the spunk a fire, and threw it out; he swallowed it at a jerk, and sot to got away from doin it. I heard a noise like bustum sumthin, and his tail lit on the top of my hat. His hed was away down the hill, and his teeth took a death hold onto a root. His fore legs were fifty feet up the road making runnin moshuns, and his hind ones a straddl ov a fence. Es to the dog himself, as a dog I never seed him agin.

Well, dad, durn his unscantified soul, flung five or six hundred under my shirt, with the dried hide of a bull's tail, and gen me the remainder the next day with the waggin whip what he borrowed from a feller while he was waterin his hosses; the waggoner got sorry for me, and hollered for me to turn my beggin and squallin into first ate runnin, which I emejutely did thanks to these ere ham strings, and the last lick missed me about ten foot.

The Japanese now coming into California promise to be a most valuable order of immigrants. Those who have purchased the six hundred acres of the Adza Ranch will be quite an industrial colony, cultivating the tea plant, the silk worm and its tree, the bamboo esculents which will taste like a mixture of artichoke and asparagus, and the fish harvests which will be nourished in large lime-cemented tanks or lakes. Their Japan silk worms feed on the oak and other trees, producing a beautiful gray silk, and the tea nuts give China oil which makes such a clear, pure light.

General Items

The late floods have done immense damage in Illinois.

The St. James Hotel, Jacksonville, Florida, is closed for the season.

The shore end of the French Atlantic Cable has been submerged.

All accounts are favorable for the growing cotton crop in Georgia.

Victoria's daughters appear at the opera in very low-necked dresses.

An Illinois agriculturist grows roses on apple trees.

One-third of the Indiana State debt will be paid during this month.

The graven on the Chincha Islands is said to be nearly exhausted.

Sixty-one newspapers were started in the United States during May.

Peter Cunningham, the well known antiquarian writer, died recently in England.

An American school has been established in Sitka. It contains sixteen pupils.

A negro secret society rescues their members from the police in Richmond, Virginia.

Police raids on gambling houses are of almost nightly occurrence in St. Louis.

Quilp says he felt no apprehension in visiting the Coliseum, because all was sound.

Turtle eggs are very abundant in Fernandini, Fla. They are gathered on the beach in large numbers.

Czar Alexander has invited Napoleon to the Russian International Exhibition next year.

Peaches from Mississippi have just reached Cincinnati, and are being retailed at "two for five."

Extremes meet in Chicago, where now a wife has sued to obtain possession of her husband, who has been carried off by a brother.

Dr. Ogan says that "hell is full of dyspeptics." Well, disensed Ogan, you'll find there's room for just one more!

John C. Breckinridge is to accompany the surveying expedition for the Northern Pacific Railroad from St. Paul.

Somebody wants to know if Anna Dickinson, when she aspires to be an M. C., wants it to mean Mother of Children.

A note was found in the pocket of a recent suicide in England, saying, "Dear friends, don't believe my wife if she says she has no money to pay for my coffin."

Two rich men have lately died in Boston, and left no legacies to Harvard University. It is supposed that Harvard will try to break the will.

The St. Louis Republican advises Tom Allen to wash his hands of the profession of prize fighting, dispose of his saloon, and open a gentlemen's sparring school in that city.

The Peak Family Bell Ringers are rich, and will soon disband. Their wealth is estimated at a million and a half dollars, and their organization is thirty years old.

Greeley denies that he owes his business success to McElrath, the old publisher of the Tribune, and adds that the only reason his own fortune is not more ample is that he never aimed to make money.

In Barnum's account of the courtship and wedding of General Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren, it is stated that Commodore Nutt was a rival for the lady's hand, and so jealous a rival that it came to a wrestling between him and the General, in which the latter was floored.

A country editor has discovered that his own and A. T. Stewart's incomes for the year 1888, together amount to \$3,019,213, and thinks of proposing to Stewart to divide even or toss a copper for the whole; if he refuses the editor will have to be content with the last three figures to represent his share.

The following intoxicating toast was offered by a Mr. Stearns, at a festival given to the National Division of the Sons of Temperance Woman—more beautiful than flowers, more delicious than strawberries and cream; the purest spirit of the age—she is far more intoxicating than wine; we love her and she cannot help herself.